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No. 5427

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Player's Please



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Smooth over your face and throat the rich fragrant Yardley SkinFood. Relax—in sleep or in the bath. And behold! your skin is baby-soft, clean, fresh as to-morrow's dawn!

Skin Food 6/6



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I always bought

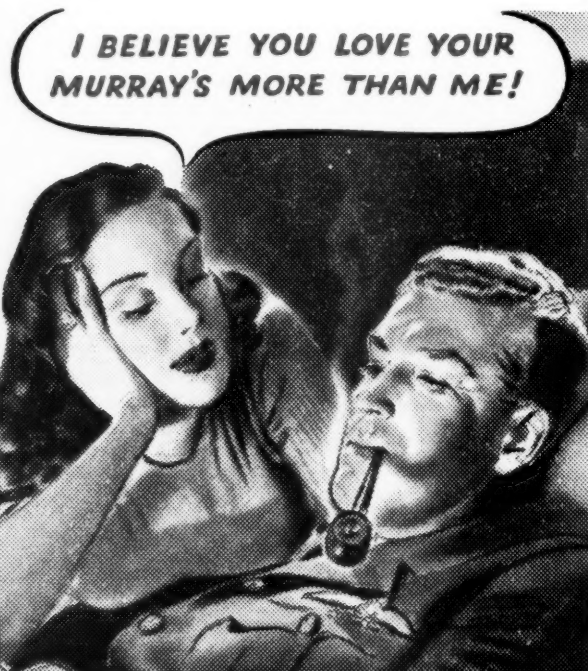
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A. 174



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8 an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE
MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST.

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If every member of a Board were a fuel expert, the consequence might well be confusion. But if every director interests himself in fuel efficiency, nothing but good can come of it.

It makes all the difference to the workers to know that those in authority are whole-heartedly behind the drive for fuel efficiency, with its war-time emphasis on fuel economy. Is that true of you? A single case history like the following from a steel works where production has remained steady proves the immense influence that management *can* exert.

STEAM BOILERS. More than 7 per cent. saving on one set and as much as 40 per cent. on another. On the third set, even using low grade coal as against washed nuts, there is a 23 per cent. saving.

ANNEALING FURNACES. A 6 per cent. coal saving per ton of steel. From what in 1942 was described as "indifferent", the efficiency of producer plant at these works is now reported to be "much improved".



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OF FUEL AND POWER



PRODUCERS. Coal consumption reduced by 6 per cent.

MILL ENGINE. Steam consumption per ton of steel, reduced by 24 per cent.

PRACTICAL HELP IN FUEL EFFICIENCY BULLETINS

The latest specialized knowledge on almost every conceivable fuel subject is at your finger-tips in the Fuel Efficiency Bulletins—advice and help that otherwise could not readily be obtained. If you've mislaid your copies, apply now to the nearest Regional Office of the Ministry.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

REVEALS

BRITISH SPARKING PLUGS SAVE FORTRESSES & CREWS

His Address to Congress, Nov. 1944, said:—

"Since early in 1943 virtually every U.S. Flying Fortress has taken off from British bases with British plugs in each of its four engines.

It would be impossible to estimate how many thousand U.S. bomber crews may since then have owed their lives to these sparking plugs, but the performance record of the plugs speaks for itself."



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Including
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THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

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Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

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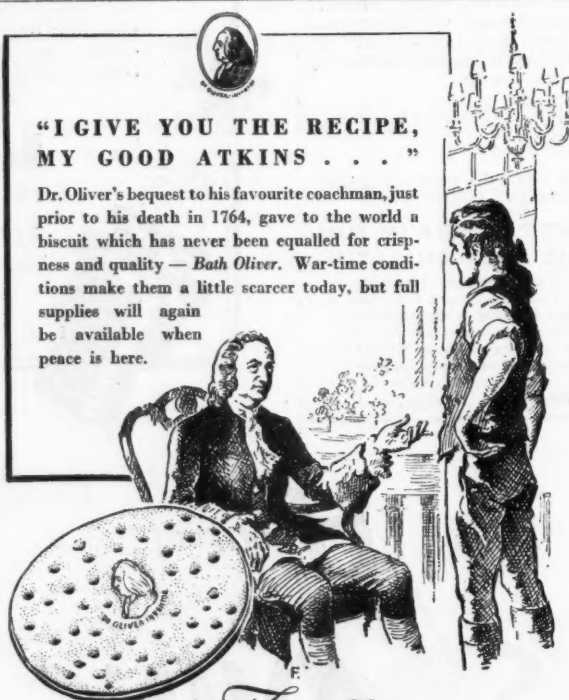
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*A wine that has all
the character & bouquet
of those fine vintages
which gave to Port its
Historic vogue*

CHAPLINS
CONCORD
PORT

CHAPLINS  EST'D. 1867



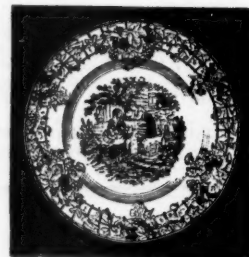
"I GIVE YOU THE RECIPE,
MY GOOD ATKINS . . ."

Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman, just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality — *Bath Oliver*. War-time conditions make them a little scarcer today, but full supplies will again be available when peace is here.



Fortts
ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

For
Beautiful China
REMEMBER
SPODE



BYRON

"We plan to resume
production of this design
after the war."

Spode

The China of Distinction

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SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



By appointment to
H.M. King George VI
Previous appointment
to the late King George V

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD. CALNE, WILTS.

HARRIS

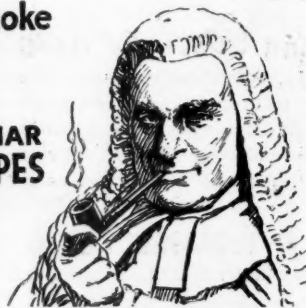
*famous for Bacon
since 1770*

All shrewd Judges smoke

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PIPES

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who can supply you.

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Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

30/-

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Add distinction to your bundle of life policies by including at least one bearing "the hall mark of sterling quality in mutual life assurance."



Write to the Secretary

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:

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Duty-Free Cigarettes for PRISONERS OF WAR and H.M. Forces Overseas

ROTHMANS NAVY CUT MEDIUM			
	200	500	1,000
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Germany	4/-	10/-	20/-
All H.M. Forces Overseas; C.D. Reserve, B.L.A.; or H.M. Ships in Commission ...	4/9	11/6	21/6
ROTHMANS PALL MALL DE LUXE			
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Germany	6/6	16/3	32/6
All H.M. Forces Overseas; C.D. Reserve, B.L.A.; or H.M. Ships in Commission ...	7/3	17/9	34/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL STANDARD MIXTURE			
	Half Pound	Pound	
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Germany	5/-	10/-	
All H.M. Forces Overseas; C.D. Reserve, B.L.A.; or H.M. Ships in Commission ...	5/9	10/9	

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and supplies, specially and securely packed, are posted without delay. Ask at any Rothman shop for special order form containing full details, or send a postcard to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio M 23), 5, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

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the best-known tobacconist in the world

Hurrah!
BERMALINE
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BREAD
for tea!

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Finest Scotch Whisky

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WITH THE
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RESPECT:

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Cephus The safe & certain remedy
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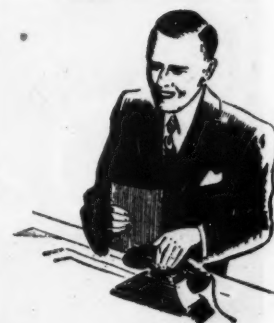
What is wrong with this picture?

Which is the most glaring mistake here? Surely the fact that the girls have FORTUNE Chocolates. Caley aren't making FORTUNE now—and can't until after the war. The other errors are perhaps not quite so evident. But, look at those desks, aren't they the wrong way round? Doesn't the map show England and Wales only? Would a girls' school be open at 7 o'clock? And the spelling? (Don't expect you'll need any help with that!)

CALEY CHOCOLATE

* By the way, although FORTUNE Chocolates can't be made until we've a factory of our own again, there's still Norwich Chocolate for you to enjoy.

I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO nerves



Sufferers from nerve-strain derive immediate benefit from the nightly cup of Allenburys Diet. This delicious food-drink is made from fresh creamy milk and whole wheat. It soothes digestion and brings restful sleep, enabling tired nerves to relax and recover their normal tone. Allenburys Diet is pre-digested in manufacture and is easily assimilated.

4/6 a tin (temporarily in short supply)

Allenburys
DIET

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

D.38B



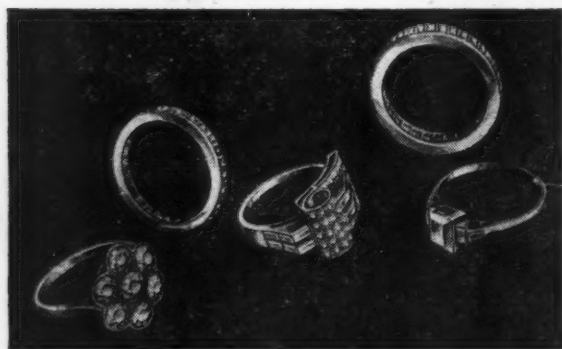
Romance and glamour may seem, these days, a trifle overshadowed, but be assured their sweet dictatorship will sway men's hearts until the end of time just as, with less of mystery, the charm of Minton China will influence those who recognise the truly fine and beautiful.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793

Rings

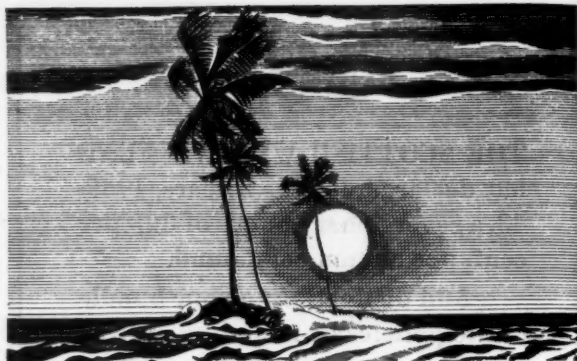


Exclusive design and superb setting characterize the Finnigan range of Engagement, Eternity and Dress Rings always to be seen in the Jewellery Department on the Ground Floor.



for individual jewellery

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and 123 DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER. 3



The Isle that Grew from the Sea

A little land above the surface of the sea; white surf and leaning palms... but underneath, out of sight, the foundations go down deep and wide to the bed of the ocean.

So, too, with great industrial organisations like that of Philips. Their achievements

and the high reputation of Philips products are broad-based on persistent research, skilled technicians, highly-developed factories and long-accumulated knowledge and experience of the application of electricity to the needs of the modern world.

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COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT
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UNDERWEAR AND SLUMBERWEAR

CONLOWE LIMITED, CONGLETON, CHESHIRE



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5427

January 24 1945

Charivaria

HITLER has not spoken since New Year's Day. It is presumed that he has been planning Stalin's offensive.

A film critic names what he considers the film of the year for 1944. As regular cinema patrons know, the film of the year for 1945 is next week.

Ten farm cottages have been built in Hampshire for £10,000. Statisticians are believed to have had something to do with it.

Two military writers are of the opinion that Hitler doesn't know which will be his next move. And for reasons of security they refuse to tell him.



Whatever criticisms one may make of the Ministries of Food and Supply, it must be admitted that the scarcity of fish and potatoes has synchronized perfectly with the shortage of newsprint.

A sword-swallower in an American circus is a vegetarian. He gets practice as well as nourishment from asparagus.

Better Late Than Never
"CANDIDATE FOR BATH
PITMAN'S GRANDSON"
Headings in "Daily Telegraph."

In 1939 there were nineteen million miles of telephone wires in Great Britain. Of course they hadn't heard of brevity then.



Himmler's voice is described as being very nasal. Pinenez too tight?

Suggestions have been put forward that the neutral countries should have seats at the peace conference. But wouldn't that endanger their amateur status?

Conundrum

It often puzzles me to understand
How we can aid with all our good intents
The moderate elements in
any land
That has not any moderate
elements.

"New World Gas Cooker, 'Eureka,'
4 burners and 1 toast-burner."
Advt. in local paper.
That'll save cook a lot of trouble.

"What has happened to the old-fashioned penny dreadful?" asks a correspondent. It now appears as a volume fully conforming to the war-time economy standard and priced round about 10s 6d.



Now that the Ardennes battle is going more satisfactorily our military experts are hastening to warn us against believing that the Germans can't do what they can't do somewhere else.

Architects are already showing signs of touchiness at the number of South London residents expressing apprehension that the view from their windows may include the new Crystal Palace.

"I was lucky enough to get an oxtail off the ration," says a correspondent. We can only hope the ration was big enough to stand the separation.

News from the East

CRASH through the headlines! Pillage all the papers!

Let them fall about you like the wind-blown snow:

Somewhere you shall find it, blood-red in the vapours—
The news that I must know.

King-pins and pincers leave me now aweary,
Hedgehogs and tigers call to me in vain,
Claw out the salient if you want to, dearie,
Blast through the bomb-bored plain,

Listen to the salvoes thudding on the wireless,
Thicken up the arrows, darken out the moon,
Only I am waiting anxiously and tireless,
Surely I shall hear it soon.

Sevenfold sounds forth thunder after thunder,
Solid walls are broken, sky-high are the roofs,
Only I am listening, longing with a wonder,
Listening for the sound of hoofs.

Is there no source in the multitude of sources
Able to tell me by what stream's brink
The Cossacks of the Don are watering their horses,
When do the ponies drink? EVOE.

o o

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE root cause of the next Fragment was that our cat, Mc, had been trained by the twins to leap from the roof on to passing vans and by uttering piteous cries to gain the drivers hard words for their heartlessness from animal-lovers and the police. One victim, seeing from its collar that the cat belonged to us and was non-party and undenominational, called furiously and threatened to sue us for constructive slander. The only law-book we had to hand was the family Bracton, in which we entered the names of the children, when they were born, their expectations, etc., and I could find no mention of this kind of action in the index; but there remained the chance it was one of these modern improvements, so I called on my solicitor to be got off. Being a large enthusiastic man he swept me off my feet and roped me in as an expert witness in a copyright case, in which I had eventually to write a Fragment on a large blackboard in the witness box and demonstrate to the jury how it became copyright in front of their very eyes. The van-driver, by the way, rather faded out, as to make the technicalities easier his advisers sent him away to get libelled and we never saw him again.

JOLLY PALS : A TALE OF WEDDED BLISS

(The scene is London River. We move hither and thither among the craft.)

LIGHTERMAN. Animals should go by rail. I don't object

to a man's having a private zoo, but he shouldn't send it by water. These low bridges play hell with the giraffes.

HIS MATE. How many cobras did we start with?

LIGHTERMAN. A furlong and a half, but I didn't notice how it was divided.

A YACHTSMAN. I'm told we shall find some locks further up; it's all so different from Cowes. However, one mustn't be narrow.

A STROKE. Now, boys, keep it up—left-right-left-right. If we don't beat the Prudential on Saturday I'll eat your hats.

The River Police proceed on a secret mission.

INSPECTOR. Now, my lad, you'd better get used to swimming with a truncheon between your teeth; and you'll have to learn to swim fast, because the wood swells.

PROBATIONER. What does the Handbook mean by referring to an "ebb"?

INSPECTOR. That's when a lot of the water goes away. We like it because there doesn't have to be so many of us on duty.

SERGEANT. Not much scope here for a keen man. No hawking, no singing, no over-working of horses.

INSPECTOR. Now there's a ship and we're going to board her. Swarm up that rope, then do as I do.

PROBATIONER. It goes through a window and there's a large man eating pickles inside.

INSPECTOR. Enter and hold him in conversation while we follow you.

PROBATIONER (entering). Morning, my man. Are you interested in Pugilism?

MR. DONALD. No.

PROBATIONER. Then in what?

MR. DONALD. Incunabula.

INSPECTOR. Are you the master of this ship?

MR. DONALD. Unless it blows real hard.

INSPECTOR. In whose name is it registered?

MR. DONALD. "Three Lucky Laps."

INSPECTOR. Well, now for a warning: If you spend more than six months here you're liable for income tax. Good afternoon.

MR. DONALD. Don't scratch the rope: it's borrowed.

[They leave.]

CAPTAIN OF A TUG. The whole art, you know, is don't go too fast if you're pulling a small boat, because, if you do, physics makes it rise out of the water and when Lloyds get to hear they load the premium for all kinds of things like icing and air pockets.

REPORTER. What kind of cable do you use?

CAPTAIN. It depends on how far apart we want to be. With some ships we use a very long one indeed.

Meanwhile the River Police notice someone swimming by their side.

INSPECTOR. You are an obstruction, sir.

SWIMMER. I can't be. I'm moving, and an obstruction has to be fixed.

INSPECTOR. What is your authority for that?

SWIMMER. I was brought up to believe it; I am not one of those who abandon lightly the precepts of their parents.

SERGEANT. *O si sic omnibus.*

INSPECTOR. What is the stroke you are doing?

SWIMMER. I invented it myself. I keep my left leg stiff, kick with my right leg, splash with my left arm and keep my right arm free to pull myself along by



THE HOUSES THAT JACK OUGHT TO BUILD



"Seems quite a good show at the Palladrome this week—how about printing a couple of tickets?"

projections and such-like. I call it the Lewisham Lunge.

PROBATIONER. Don't you tend to get bumped into by things?

SWIMMER. Hard knocks convert a pastime into a sport.

INSPECTOR. I am not satisfied with this man's story; I shall put a tail on him. *(Hurriedly fills in a form and dispatches it by carrier pigeon. A few minutes later a very fast swimmer with a rubber horse appears.)*

INSPECTOR. Follow that man.

DETECTIVE. Aye, aye, sir. They had only uniform swimming suits, so they gave me this to bring to make them more plain clothes, sort of. I am to gambol.

INSPECTOR. There's your quarry in the crash helmet; stick on like grim death.

DETECTIVE. Stand by for the wash. *(He streaks away. A pleasure steamer appears.)*

BARKER. . . by thirteen twenty-three the fishing rights had, by a process which is not altogether clear, become attached to the Deanery of Norwich, and the citizens of Gravesend . . .

TRIPPERS. Steward! FINIS

SOCKS

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It may comfort you to know that my favourite pair of socks bears the cheery label of your Comforts Fund.

"These socks were given to me in the beginning of the war and served through the Flanders campaign and more than twelve months of trapesing across deserts in the Middle East. The wool is matted and apparently quite hole-proof, in fact I feel that a testimonial parodying the old Pears' Soap tramp advertisement is their just due—something on the lines of 'since then I have worn no other.'

"Thank you, Mr. Punch."

(Signed) G. W. A., Capt.

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

For Cooks, Mainly

"I'M sorry about Mary," I said.

"The doctor thinks if she has a good long sleep she'll be O.K. by the morning," said James. "He's given her something. That gentle sound rising and falling, like Atlantic waves beating on shingle, is my wife."

"This seems quite a nice cottage," I ventured politely, emptying my suitcase over it.

"It'll do us till peace rears her ugly head. But it's on the primitive side."

"So I should hope. All this wicked new-fangled nonsense about drains and lights and hot-cupboards shocks me profoundly. Country cottages are meant to be primitive. Life is hard. Life is earnest. We would not have it otherwise."

"It's lucky you can cook a bit," said James, "because now we shall have to do it between us."

"Cook a bit! As you know, I cook very well. When my father read my first report from my private school he said: 'Horace, you will never have the Garter. At least we can see to it that you shall have the Cordon Bleu.' And as soon as possible he put me under the finest masters in the world. I had three wonderful months with Père Aubergine in the Street of the Crooked Langouste. His method was to put everything he had in the larder on a big table and sit down facing it with a clove of garlic in one hand and a duck's egg beaten up in porto in the other. Then he went into a trance, and when he woke up it was always with an inspiration which . . ."

While this interesting conversation was in progress we had taken the three paces necessary to bring us to the kitchen, where I stopped short.

"What is that great black engine embedded in the wall?" I asked.

"That's the range," said James.

"I wonder the Victoria and Albert could spare it," I said. "What does it do?"

"About a fortnight to the ton."

"You don't really mean you cook on the thing?"

"Well, Mary does. There's nothing else."

"It reminds me of a train I once drove in Ireland," I said, looking admiringly at its vast scorching fire and the many knobs and levers which stood out from its face. "Does this work the whistle?" I asked, grasping a huge iron protrusion with FAST written on it in massive letters.

"That puts it out." Noticing that my hand was now covered with a

heavy black deposit James said: "Sorry about that. Mrs. Gudgeon will slap it on."

"Not at all," I said quickly, for he was my host. "The creature is in mourning for the nineteenth century, when one could eat coal regardless. What's for dinner?"

"Only a simple roast of lamb, I'm afraid."

"I like a bit of lamb, though some think mink's warmer. Do we lock it up in one of those iron cupboards at the side?"

"If they're hot enough. I forgot to ask Mary before she went off how you tell when they are. There's no thermometer."

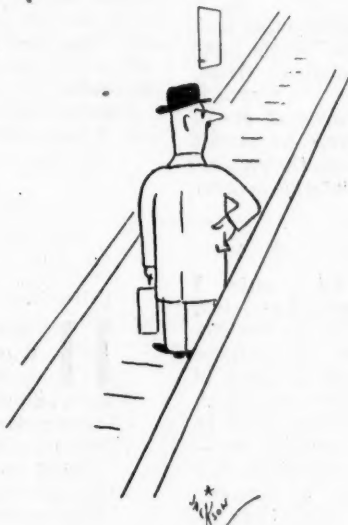
"Mercury hadn't been discovered. This side's quite cold."

"Well, there isn't room for any more fire. It's got through a hundred-weight since tea."

"What you ought to do is to let off one of those small incendiaries inside to take the chill off. You don't think there's some sort of master-plug you've missed?" I pulled at an elephantine handle as I asked, and an enormous slab of ebony metal fell off on to my right foot.

"Are you all right?" James asked, seeing my twisted face.

"I suppose so. Does that piece matter?"



"How much longer are they going to be before they get this confounded escalator working again?"

"I think it's only for decoration. The part with 1877 on it is one of the ones which sometimes gets hot."

"It's not hot now. You could make ice-cream on it."

"I was so hoping you'd know what to do," James muttered miserably.

"I've grilled trout on a brazier of cedarwood, I've singed ching-po on a glowing couch of birds'-nest charcoal, I've devilled a shark with an oxy-acetylene burner, but I find that remark insulting," I said. "Can poor Mary cook on this dreadnought?"

"Not exactly, but she's improving a little."

There was a long silence broken only by the roar of the furnace getting its teeth into another scuttlesful.

"I say, James, I suppose we couldn't wake her up just for a moment? Just for as long as it takes to whisper 'How d'you hot up Gladstone's Folly, darling, pull the fourth thingummy-bob from the right O.K., darling, thanks frightfully'! It couldn't hurt her, much, could it?"

James looked at me in a way that bit through into my spine. I felt an earthy brute.

"I tell you what," I said. "That engine in Mayo wouldn't budge an inch unless two men tugged at everything in the cab at once. Let's try that."

"All right," James agreed, and we did. For a moment nothing happened; then the whole range fell to pieces amidships in an avalanche of lukewarm ironmongery, and the ground-floor of the cottage, which was made of wood, was suddenly submerged in burning coals. They rolled all over the place with a happy crunching noise, and in a few seconds the range was mercifully obscured by smoke. Tudor has always burned well. In the end James and I won, but for a long time afterwards we were too tired to lift our feet out of the six inches of sooty water that lapped icily against our chairs.

"Wonderfully ingenious people, the Victorians," I coughed.

"They had a lump of pork pie down at the 'Lion' last night," said James. "I dare say there's some left over."

"It's snowing like hell," I said.

"Well, it's cold pork pie."

ERIC.

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed

"A genuine offer of finest quality guaranteed flowering-size bulbs at prices having no relation to their real worth."—*Advt.*

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XI

"YEARS ago," said Amos, "I said, or I may have seen somewhere that somebody else had said—"

"No, no," we interjected.

"—that the phrase 'Far be it from me to be' now generally means 'I am.' The experience acquired since enables me to add now that anything beginning 'I make no apology for—' is, in fact, an apology, and that 'I flatter myself' means exactly what it says."

* * * * *

I have already mentioned how Amos would sometimes go to enormous pains in order to achieve a small momentary effect. I recall one day when he spent a tediously long time emphasizing his taste for grated cheese—purely, as we deduced afterwards, to have a plausible excuse for bringing in the following evening a small parcel which he said was a cheese-grater that he had just bought. After a time I perceived that beside this parcel on the table was another of similar appearance, but it did not strike me at once that this too belonged to Amos and had been put there unobtrusively to act as a prop in a small dramatic scene to be staged when he left. I realized this only when he rose to leave earlier than usual, making for the door with unaccustomed briskness, and paying no attention to two separate yells of "You forgot your parcels."

The battered door clacked behind him and someone was about to go in pursuit when Amos stuck his head in again and said "Give me that parcel, will you?"—as if this were the first mention of the subject.

The answer he wanted, we later realized, was "Which?" but unfortunately we hadn't been rehearsed. The man who was standing up said "Aren't they both yours? I thought—"

Momentarily checked, Amos swallowed—keeping his head stuck in the same stiff position round the door—and said "I—er—no, give me *that* one."

He still gave no hint which he meant and the other man said testily, "I thought they were *both* yours!" at the same time picking one up and scrutinizing it for marks. "Here, is this the one you want?"

With a bad grace Amos came in again and took one of the parcels. "You ought to have known," he almost mumbled, "that I should want whichever was the grater," and then he gave the whole show away by ordering another drink and getting back into his seat.

* * * * *

Occasionally Amos could be wounded by a critic. I remember he was once for a considerable period exercised in mind over a rather snooty review in one of the weeklies which began with the downright statement "Mr. Intolerable, like all professional cynics, is absolutely incapable of recognizing sincerity when he sees it." Amos very much resented the suggestion that there was anything at all he was incapable of recognizing, and his first reaction was—since he acknowledged the validity of the proposition that a consistent and invariable cynic *would* fail to recognize sincerity—to declare that there was no such thing as sincerity, anyway. A little loud argument seemed to convince him that this position was untenable and he made the only other possible alternative plea: that he was not a professional cynic. In an effort to lend verisimilitude to his contention he assumed his near-cherubic look, the

effect of which was spoiled by his having so often before used it to raise a laugh.

"Even I," he insisted, "have my gentle moments. If a dog came in now, I would stroke it."

At that moment—truth, as you know, does not have to be as careful as fiction to avoid questionable coincidences—a man came in with an enormous red-eyed murderous-looking Great Dane, which bared a large proportion of its fangs at the company; and Amos added, as if he were finishing his sentence, "—except that this doesn't happen to be one of my gentle moments."

* * * * *

In this connection I may as well record a time when, reading an account of Lord Lytton the Victorian novelist, he said "H'm, 'great versatility' . . . 'succeeded in most of the tasks *he set himself*'—well, I should hope so." It was plainly outside his comprehension that anyone should set *himself* tasks in which there was any danger of failing, though a particularly earnest character present on that occasion tried for some time to convince him that there were morbidly conscientious people who did this.

We had been talking about what Amos called Lytton's "passion for finality." He ran through the titles of some of his works—"The Last Days of Pompeii; The Last of the Barons; Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes; Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." Here he paused, and then said "The Last of the Mohicans." As several mouths opened Amos went on "I am safe in saying that nothing stood between Fenimore Cooper and a challenge to a duel, or a suit for trespass," he paused again, "except the width of the Atlantic and the fact that Cooper got his last in first."

* * * * *

From outside came a particularly ripe example of that double whistle, long common in America, which has only in the last few years become widely known and employed over here—that whistle with the intonation of the phrase "My word!" that is used to express appreciation when a personable girl goes past.

Amos cocked an ear and commented "Hence the expression 'Clean—ahem—as a whistle.'" R. M.

o o

Be Fruitful

[“Hemionus: the half-ass, or dziggetai.”—*Dictionary*.]

HEMIONUS (with accent on the second)
Was a half-ass, the elder Pliny reckoned;
So did Herodotus and old geographers,
And so do modern lexicographers.

This puzzling beast caused momentary strife
Between a Fleet Commander and his wife.

"Two of each species only, you're allowed,"
The wife objected. Noah was unbowed.

"With pardon, Madam, and respects to you,
It takes four halves, I think to make up two;
And, being admiral of this fair frigate, I
Intend to take on board four Dziggetai."

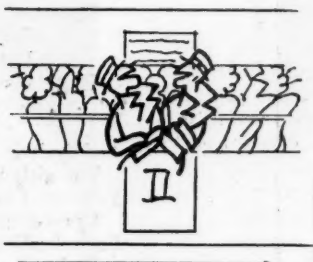
Four went on board, and that accounts, no doubt,
For the appalling number now about. J. B. N.

Yes, it's MUCH easier to be funny nowadays: what with—

Tongues



queues—



and trains—



and buses—



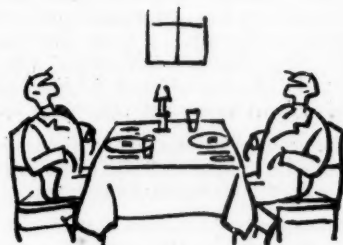
and taxis—



and coupons—



and regulations—



and rations—



and hazards—



and shortages—



and more shortages—



and still more shortages—



it's going to be terrible when it's all over and we just have to be funny about one another!



"There's nothing in the visitors' book, I suppose?"

Secretaries

ONCE I had a secretary—such a nice secretary,
 Pretty as a picture, lively as a lark;
 Flower-like and fairy-like she flitted round the office
 Enchanting the establishment from breakfast-time till dark.
 Yes, she was attractive, but—her typing wasn't accurate,
 Her grammar was uncertain and she couldn't really spell,
 So when she went and wed
 An officer, I said,
 "We'll miss our Ray of Sunshine but—it's maybe just
 as well."

So then I got a secretary—admirable secretary,
 Full of all the virtues such a woman can attain,
 Punctual, methodical, reliable, etcetera,
 But very, very serious and very, very plain;
 And she never could remember the proper kind of biscuit,
 She always, always gave me sugar in my tea—
 A thing that I detest,
 So I thought it for the best
 When she found her mother needed her and took her
 leave of me.

Next I got a terror—mostly hair and lipstick,
 Capable by snatches when she'd condescend to try,
 Dashing and disdainful, peevish and contemptuous,
 Thought herself too good for us—hoity-toity-ti!
 She got called up—can't say I regretted her
 (Hope they put her through it in the place where she
 has gone),
 But the job I had to face
 Was to fill her vacant place
 And maiden, wife or widow—no, they wouldn't take
 it on.

So that's how I come to have the (almost) perfect secretary—
 Pleasant and contented and correct from head to foot,
 Mannerly in method and in utterance impeccable,
 Invalided out of things and therefore staying put,
 A dab at correspondence (and a wizard with the biscuits),
 Knowing all the answers that a secretary can,
 So I ought to be in bliss
 But the only thing is this,
 That he wears a coat and trousers; for I had to have
 a man.

And isn't it a funny thing how folks are never satisfied?
 The girls were full of minuses, the man is rather plus;
 Yet here I sit and grumble and I rail at my predicament,
 I pester and I panic and I fidget and I fuss.
 For even Plainy-Janey—yes, even Hair-and-Lipstick—
 Brought something to the office that to-day it seems to
 lack;
 More work's done in it
 But—where's the fun in it?
 Place is like a prison-house, there isn't any sun in it . . .
 Call me anything you like; I wish the girls were back!
 H. B.

Our Open Forum

VI—Equal Pay

Mr. Timothy Hackney of "The Spruce," High Octane, Wilts, makes this naïve contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction. He is a very agreeable person with a fair knowledge of the Dominions and hydrostatics. Generous to a fault and most unbusinesslike, he goes swinging along life's broad highway seeking the food he eats and pleased with what he gets. He is forty-nine and was born the day after Empire Day. He writes little and very late. Among his publications are: "From Brisbane to Bendigo," "From Brisbane to Bendigo" (Revised), "From Brisbane to Bendigo" (Revised, with a Supplement) and "The Japs Missed the Bus" (From Brisbane to Bendigo—First Chapter entirely rewritten).

MY friends, the problem we are met to discuss is one that has baffled mankind ever since the principle of the division of labour was formulated.

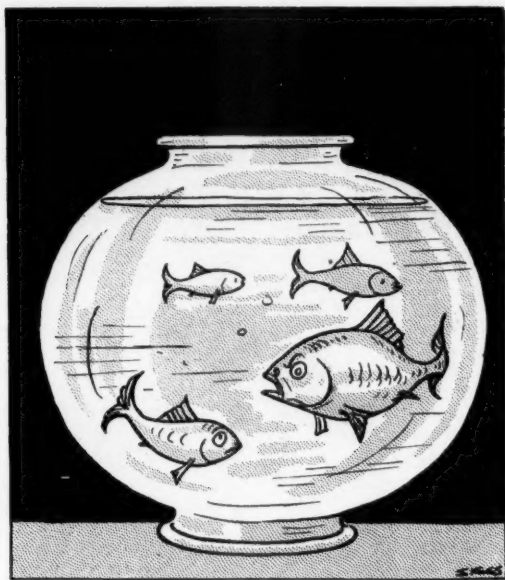
When Adam delved and Eve span
 Who was then the gentleman?

To-day Eve is a land-girl and Adam spins the yarn, but we are still far from a solution.

Let us deal first with the economics of the latter. Equal pay for equal work would operate to the clear disadvantage of males in almost every trade and profession. Kuzonik has calculated that the average woman is twenty-seven per cent. shorter, fourteen per cent. lighter and much better insulated against the cold than the average man. Women are, therefore, a better commercial proposition to any employer than men. They involve less wear and tear of fixtures and fittings, they are more cheaply accommodated and they are easier on the fuel and the eye. The ordinary male, the big clumsy thing, would follow the dinosaurian reptiles and the dreary megatherium into extinction if he were not kept alive by unequal pay.

Unequal pay encourages the misconception that the male is worthy of his hire in spite of his grave physical defects. And the employers fall for it.

But there is another point, friends. If women want equal pay they must be content with no more than equal



"Well, there's no room for your anti-clockwise ideas here."

responsibilities. Have they realized the implications of this? It would mean that they would smoke no more cigarettes than men, wear no more trousers than men, do as much housework as men. All the little courtesies which women love so dearly would disappear. Women would not always be allowed to walk on the inside of the pavement next to the shop windows; they would still have to stand in the Tube; they would be expected to wipe the dishes on Sundays. What woman, after weighing these things in her heart, would still vote for equal pay? Well, I *am* surprised.

All this can be expressed mathematically. If one female office-worker (calling herself a private secretary), supposed to be working nine hours a day, can type and file three hundred *pro forma* invoices, twelve E.P.T. circulars, fourteen P.A.Y.E. slips and twenty-one statements in three afternoons and four nights' overtime, how much friction will be generated in the home of the employer? Answer that one and I think you'll see what I mean.

Much more important than this delicate controversy is the harsh fact that equal pay would probably lead to inflation. I can see it all so clearly. The Bank Rate would rise, bank deposits would weaken and Consols would falter. The exchange rates would move against the Mother Country and a drain of gold would ensue. Everyone would go mad and lean towards a preference for liquidity. Great Britain would erect a protective tariff and such noxious things as blocked currencies, most-fevered nation clauses, earmarked subsidies and basic quotas would rear their ugly heads. Other nations would retaliate. A period of stagnant trade would lead to a rebirth of economic nationalism and before you could say Jill Robinson there would be another war—long before the twenty years were up.

Now, do you see? Well, go on talking among yourselves. Ask each other whether Schmolz's principle—to each according to her knees—is not a better idea than equal pay for equal work. But remember, please, my essential manliness.

Saturday Morning Off

THIS is the sort of morning I could eat!
Take Oxford Street
for instance. It is golden and crisp,
with just a wisp,
a feathery faint-blown smell in the pallid air
of burning leaves in Cavendish Square,
like home-made caramels. Oh, heaven,
these hours stolen from Mr. Bevin!
(such sad sweet hours,
fleeting as flowers,
held in the mind for many a desk-bound day,
so soon away).

Let there be singing, for the sun shines,
and the shop signs
clank in the wintry wind with hopeful news;
even the patient queues
waiting for hake and beer and liquorice gums
glow in the tawny light of chrysanthemums;
and the buses are red . . . yes, yes, but to-day
they are *redder*. And gay, gay, gay
is the world, a little round bundle of bliss!

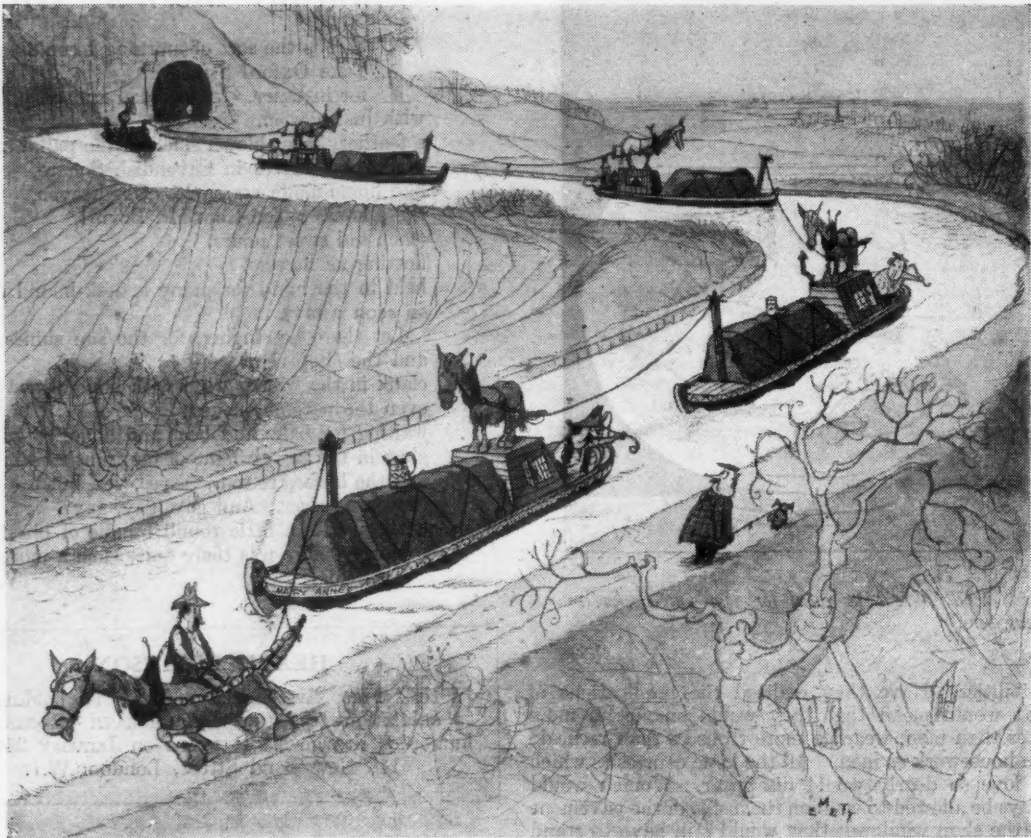
Never before was there quite such a morning
as this! V. G.

HEATH ROBINSON

THE Fine Art Society, Ltd., is holding an exhibition of the late HEATH ROBINSON'S humorous drawings. It opens on January 24th at 148 New Bond Street, London, W.1.



"... and of course, my husband, who is a thingummy in one of the Services."



"Well, you know what they say: co-ordinate—conserve 'orse-power and such-like . . ."

This is My World.

TURNING wheels, turning, turning, ever turning,
Strident clang of steel on steel, louder than Thor's
hammer,
Stified air, thick with dust and noise,
Mens' voices raised, discordant, coarse—
My temples throb in rhythmic time and answer beat for
beat,
My mental powers, like some passionate animal chained,
Leap and thrust in vain for freedom.
White-hot dancing fires, gleaming
In reflected rays from glistening muscles of naked men,
What sordid Hell have I discovered?
What trick of fate has brought me here?
The sear of heat, the taste of sweat.
This is where Dante must have stood.
This is indeed a demons' pit,
Deep down among the bowels of the earth,
No ray of sun penetrates this ugly gloom,
No subtle breeze from southland dale
Can bring the first-born pangs of hope.
Love, and beauty—soft white arms of gentle women,

Fresh green shoots, and budding trees in spring,
Provoking laughter, reckless, defiant,
Courting chatter of birds at eventide,
Perfumed flowers from hidden vales—
All—all is but a dream. Here is reality,
Here, where wide-winged monsters are born,
Born to carry death thro' summer skies
To fitful sleeping babes, gaunt terror-struck women,
Men who crouch slinking in darkness and await
destruction,
These do the monsters kill—
These apathetic creatures, who once stood
Proud and arrogant, cruel, merciless, inhuman.
Now, no word can stay the arm that feeds them death
and pain;
They pray in vain, for God is deaf.
Nothing can save them—nothing, nothing,
Tho' a wound be torn from Destiny's side and bleed
forever,
No word can stay the arm,
Nothing can save them—nothing, nothing.



SEAC

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying-fishes play."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, January 16th.—House of Lords: Up in the Air.

House of Commons: The Peace after the Peace.

Wednesday, January 17th.—House of Commons: Votes for—Soldiers.

Thursday, January 18th.—House of Commons: Churchill's History of the Great War (contd.).

Tuesday, January 16th.—There was a New Year air about the House of Commons to-day, the first sitting of 1945. A surprisingly large number of Members turned up and waited patiently for the appearance of the star of the show, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, who has been ill, was back in his place, looking thinner, but clearly alert—as he proved when, later on, he asked the first question of the Prime Minister, about medals for the men of the Regular Forces, and of the Home Guard. The Prime Minister was non-committal.

And Colonel MONTAGUE LYONS, who has been voyaging abroad for the Army, was there too, almost impenetrably disguised in civilian clothes, in which his fellow-Members have not seen him for years.

And there was the Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE to be, still looking remarkably like our good-natured Miss MEGAN.

There was sad change too, for Mr. Speaker rose as soon as the House assembled to announce that two well-liked Members had died since the House last sat: young Colonel J. R. J. MACNAMARA, who fell in action, and Mr. "JIMMIE" WALKER, whose towering figure had walked the corridors for many years.

The House was, on the whole, in a serious mood, but ready, as it always is in such moods, to switch over swiftly—and often surprisingly—to roars of laughter.

This little trait sometimes astonishes visitors, who find the Parliamentary brand of humour a trifle abstruse. Mr. TOM MAGNAY, who occasionally makes jokes (intentionally), looked a bit hurt when the House laughed its blooming head off just because he remarked that the shortage of coal was a "burning question." So he said, huffily, that he would demand a debate about it later.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, the President of the Board of Trade, chilled the House (that is definitely the right word) by announcing that the next lot of clothing coupons would possibly have to last longer. Looking ruefully at their fraying collars and cuffs, and shiny elbows, Members cheered dutifully, but without notable enthusiasm.

Then Mr. CHURCHILL strolled in, escorted as usual by Brigadier HARVIE WATT, another ex-invalid now back on the active list, greatly to the P.M.'s relief. It was the first time most of the House had seen Mr. CHURCHILL since he returned from his Christmas journey to Athens, and he got a rousing cheer. He speedily demonstrated that he too intended to start 1945 with a bang—several bangs, in fact.

A question about Greece he parried blandly by asking the questioner to wait for the debate due later in the

Mr. C. fixed Mr. S. with a steely gaze and admitted that he might have yielded sometimes to temptation when he saw how *some people* in the House added to the difficulties of our troops in Greece. He went on to mention that British casualties in the troubles in Greece had amounted to 2,101.

Mr. FRANK BOWLES leaped into the queue with the comment that this figure was seven times the casualty list involved in the expulsion of the Germans from Greece last year.

"What?" rapped Mr. CHURCHILL, cupping his ear.

"May I make my point again?" asked Mr. BOWLES politely.

"I think you'd better—it seems nonsense to me!" was the crisp retort.

And so to the calm of a debate on the Wages Councils Bill, introduced by Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Minister of Labour. The Bill, he said, spelt the end of sweated labour in Britain, and was intended to give wage security to 15,000,000 people for five years, mainly by giving voluntary agreements between employers and workers the force of law. And this would mean peace after The Peace.

Then everybody got up and said what a good idea it was, and how Mr. BEVIN was to be congratulated, and things like that. As a reward for his work, the House let him have the Bill in a short time, and

went home early.

In the Lords there was talk about civil flying, with Lord LONDONDERRY leading a Hurricane attack on the Government, and Lord SWINTON, Minister of Civil Aviation, piloting a nifty one-seater in defence of the Governmental arsenal. No communiqué was issued, but losses seemed about equal.

Lord CRAIGMYLE made a spot of history by taking the oath and his seat wearing the uniform of a lower-deck member of the Royal Navy. He made some more history by taking the oath in a voice that, as someone remarked, could be heard a myle off.

Wednesday, January 17th.—Perhaps, after all, it was not so *very* surprising, what with the news of big drives by the Russians on the Eastern front, and big drives by the British and Americans in the West. But the fact remains that there was some of the most brisk verbal warfare in the Commons to-day, with Ministers playing a leading and aggressive part.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, whose urbanity



"If we have not converted all our tries, we certainly scored some goals."—The Minister for Civil Aviation.

week, but when the Communist Party, Mr. WILLIAM GALLACHER, asked truculently that the new statement should be less biased than that made before Christmas, Mr. CHURCHILL was up in an instant.

Wagging a warning finger, he told Mr. GALLACHER to be careful of "Trotskyite deviation to the Left"—a piece of advice that left its recipient inaudible, if not precisely speechless, and the rest of the House speechless, if not precisely inaudible.

With fine impartiality, Mr. CHURCHILL then turned to spank Conservative Lord HINCHINGBROOKE, who had asked, somewhat naively, that more publicity should be given to Britain's secret weapons. This Mr. CHURCHILL did not consider a good idea, preferring to let the weapons speak for themselves direct to the enemy.

Next in the queue was Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, who commented that the P.M. had encouraged the Greek P.M., General PLASTIRAS, to be "incredibly tough" by himself making provocative speeches.



"The subject for to-day's informal discussion is 'Demobilization and Post-War Employment,' and before we start I shall want you all to hand over your arms."

is proverbial (not to say miraculous) had several up-and-downers. He mentioned, for instance, in reply to Mr. SHINWELL, that the Government's policy on Greece would not be altered—whatever Mr. SHINWELL might say. He did not add: "So there!" but it was clearly implied.

Mr. GEORGE STRAUSS bobbed up with another query about Greece, to go down again like a ninepin when Mr. EDEN said he had not been a shining example of lack of prejudice on the subject.

But Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR (of all people) was hero of the biggest battle—it was almost a massacre—of all.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES asked why a speech made in Cairo by the Hon. Member for Ipswich (one RICHARD STOKES) had been banned from an R.A.F. newspaper.

Said Sir ARCHIBALD: It wasn't banned. There was no room for it.

Roared Mr. STOKES: Why?

Purred the Minister: The standard for the R.A.F. newspaper is rather high. (Loud cheers.)

After further desultory fire, the Minister, with a fine show of reluctance,

got up to give a summary of the speech, which, by chance, he happened to have with him. This, said he, described the House as a lunatic asylum, the Prime Minister as "an old man who loves war," and most people (except Mr. STOKES) as no better than they ought to be. And this, said the Minister, was an abuse of the hospitality of the R.A.F., whose guest Mr. STOKES had been on the auspicious occasion.

Sir ARCHIBALD collected more cheers in those two minutes than he has known in the rest of his Parliamentary life. It was in vain that Mr. STOKES protested that the account bore little resemblance to what he had actually said. And Mr. SHINWELL neatly had a slap at both contestants by asking the Minister: "If the speech was as you say—why didn't you ban it?"

After that tension, everybody was grateful to Mr. SOMERSET DE CHAIR for some light relief. Speaking of Cyprus, this author of some of the most elegant writings that grace our book-shelves, asked this:

"Is not Cyprus part of that Empire

over which the Prime Minister said he did not propose to preside at the liquidation?"

"... of!" added the purists, fortissimo, between their shouts of laughter, in which, as they say in the police-court reports, the accused joined.

Mr. ATTLEE announced that the KING had agreed to give three weeks' notice of his intention to dissolve Parliament, thus extending the period of political mobilization. Then, appropriately enough, the House went on to discuss the Representation of the People Bill, which, among other things, will make it easier for Service people to vote. On the desirability of this there was but one opinion.

Thursday, January 18th.—People went around to-day openly expressing the hope that Mr. CHURCHILL would have frequent colds. They had not turned sadistic, but were saying, in their indirect way, that they wanted some more speeches like the one the Prime Minister delivered to-day. He began by announcing that he had a cold—and went on to deliver a brilliant speech, ranging over the battlefields of the world.

Dogs

SPANIELS are all very well,
But they smell.

Sealyhams deposit white hairs
On the chairs.

Wire-hairs are all right,
But they fight.

(Which also applies to the Irish
variety,
Such charming society.)

A Dalmatian is no good, of course,
Without a carriage and horse.

And hounds are nice, but you've got
To have such a lot.

Dachshunds are capital fun,
But slightly Hun.

Very large breeds, such as St. Bernards,
eat

Quantities of meat,

While very small ones, unhappily,
Bark so much and so yappily.

But please don't jump to the con-
clusion that I dislike
A tyke.

It's simply that I prefer
An honest-to-goodness Cur.

C. F. S.

Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—VI

WELL, Rich-ard and Iv-y, last
time I was tell-ing you a-bout
the way the laws are made;
and I must say you stood it ver-y well.

But of course the mak-ing of laws
is on-ly one part, and ev-en a small
part, of Par-li-a-ment's du-ties. If no
laws were ev-er pass-ed a-gain, the
coun-try would still stag-g-er on; but
Par-li-a-ment would still have plen-ty
to do. For one thing, it is our du-ty to
watch how the Gov-ern-ment ad-min-
ist-ers the ex-ist-ing laws and pull the
Min-ist-ers up if they do the dir-ty.
For an-oth-er thing, quite a-part from
pol-it-ics or par-ty, it is the Mem-ber's
pride and joy to safe-guard the inter-
ests and supp-ort the complaints
of the ind-i-vid-u-al cit-i-zens, wheth-er
they vot-ed for the Mem-ber or not.
And the mach-in-er-y which ex-ists
for this pur-pose is tru-ly re-mark-a-ble.
In-deed, I do not think there is an-y-
thing like it in the world.

If a cit-i-zen has a griev-ance a-against
the State he can al-ways write to his

Mem-ber a-bout it. It is a priv-i-lege
which should not be ab-us-ed in these
diff-ic-ult days, when stamps cost
two-pence-half-penn-y; and as a rule
a stamp-ed and ad-dress-ed en-vel-ope
should be en-clos-ed. The Mem-ber
reads these lett-ers (if there are not
too man-y), and if they dis-close a
ser-i-ous troub-le which some Gov-ern-
ment De-part-ment has the pow-er to
put right he sends the lett-ers to the
app-ro-pri-ate Min-ist-er. For ex-amp-
le, it would be no use your com-plain-
ing that you nev-er seem to back a
winn-er at the dog-rac-es; but if you
wrote a-bout the milk in your school
be-ing full of ar-sen-ic, I would send it
on to the Min-ist-er of Ed-u-cat-ion,
and he would pass it on to the milk-in-
schools de-part-ment. Quite soon there
would be a po-lite lett-er from the
Min-ist-er say-ing that the matt-er
has been look-ed in-to ver-y care-
full-y, and as a matt-er of fact there
was no more ar-sen-ic than us-u-al in
your milk; or else that he will have
the ar-sen-ic con-tent re-duc-ed. I
send this lett-er on to you, and bang
goes an-oth-er two-pence half-penn-y.
All this is a great nuis-ance to ev-er-y-
bod-y, but there it is, it is a great
dem-o-crat-ic thing-um-my.

And if you or I are not sat-is-fied, it
need not stop there. I can put down
a Quest-ion to the Min-ist-er a-bout
the ar-sen-ic in your milk. He must
have two days' no-tice: but aft-er that
he has joll-y well got to an-swer my
quest-ion, in pub-lic. Some peop-le
would put a Ques-tion down at once,
with-out writ-ing a lett-er. But that
is bad strat-egy. For a Ques-tion
ann-oy-s them and caus-es trou-ble and
puts the De-part-ment's back up; and
you are more like-ly to get sat-is-
fac-tion from a po-lite lett-er.

Still, if our backs are up al-so, and
we want to make a pub-lic scan-dal,
that is the way. And if the Min-ist-er
gives a rude an-swer, I can put a
sting-ing "supp-le-ment-ar-y" ques-
tion—that is, if I can think of one:
and if it is a good one the pa-pers will
print it and poor Rich-ard's ar-sen-ic
will be-come a nat-ion-al aff-air.

If I am still not sat-is-fied, I can go
ev-en fur-ther. I can give no-tice that
I pro-pose to raise the matt-er in
de-bate "on the ad-journ-ment";
though, let me tell you, Rich-ard, there
would have to be an aw-ful lot of
ar-sen-ic in your milk be-fore I did that.
Then one day, when the main bus-i-
ness of the day is ov-er and we are
read-y to "ad-journ", I am all-ow-ed

to make a short speech a-bout you and
your milk, and the Min-ist-er, to whom
I have giv-en no-tice, has to be
pres-ent and make some re-ply. By
this time, per-haps, the whole House
is a-gog a-bout your milk and there
will be a lot of Mem-bers supp-ort-ing
me, and in-dig-nant-ly in-ter-rupt-ing
the Min-ist-er; and there is such a
rum-pus that aft-er-wards the Whips
say to the Min-ist-er, "Look here, this
will not do! You will have to take the
ar-sen-ic out of the chil-dren's milk",
and some-thing happ-ens. Or per-haps
no one cares ver-y much wheth-er
there is ar-sen-ic in your milk or not:
and then there will be ver-y few
peop-le a-bout. Eith-er way, it is a
ver-y big dem-o-crat-ic thing-um-my.
What it comes to is this, that no
matt-er how hum-ble the cit-i-zen, with
how small a griev-ance a-against the
King's Min-ist-ers, if his Mem-ber
thinks fit (and it is not al-ways fit), his
troub-le can be brought be-fore Par-li-
a-ment with-in two days by way of a
Ques-tion, and lat-er in de-bate on
the floor of the House.

Now, Ques-tions, Rich-ard, happ-en
ev-er-y day ex-cept Fri-day: and they
last for an hour. Here are the
Ques-tions all read-y print-ed for next
Tues-day, do you see?—nine-ty-nine
of them. They range all o-ver the
field of life, from the A.T.S. to the
At-lan-tic Char-ter, from Sapp-er
Smith and his thir-ty-two boils to
Gen-er-al Plast-ir-as and his ple-bis-cite,
from fruit pri-ces to the de-sign of
tanks, from agr-i-cul-ture to the Gold
Stand-ard. Some of them may seem
to you to be prett-y bi-zarre and a
waste of time: but we do not all know
ev-er-y-thing; and, be-lieve me, on the
whole, it is a u-nique and won-der-ful
safe-ty-valve, for-um, and dem-o-crat-ic
hoo-ha.

Then of course, a-part from per-
son-al griev-an-ces or trou-b-les, the
Mem-bers are al-ways act-ing as a
chann-el of op-in-ion and feel-ing
be-tween the peop-le and the Min-
ist-ers. On Fri-days most of the
Mem-bers go off to their con-stit-
u-enc-ies, a-way up to Scot-land and
odd pla-ces like that; they see their
a-gents and friends and drop in-to one
or two li-cens-ed prem-is-es; and when
they come back on Mon-day they know
much more what the peop-le are
think-ing than you will get from a
Gall-up Poll, or ev-en the pa-pers.
They tell the Whips, and the Whips
tell the Gov-ern-ment. What are
Whips, Iv-y? I will ex-plain that
an-oth-er day. Now, be-fore Hit-ler
can know what the peop-le are think-
ing he has to have a Gau-leit-ers'
Meet-ing—and spend a lot of mon-ey

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"How soon are they getting married?"

"Well—she's got her icing-sugar."

on the Ges-tap-o. We do the thing more simply—and better: because no-body dares tell the Ges-tap-o or Hitler what he is think-ing. Not that Hitler cares.

Then, of course, all sorts of people, and trades, and associations are eager to tell the Members what they think ought to be done. They write long letters and resolutions: they bring deputations to London. The letters have to be answered; the people have to be met, and there must be committee meetings to decide what to do. So get it out of your head, Richard, that all the Members have to do is to sit in the Chamber and listen to speeches or stand up and make speeches. And when some clever newspaper-man records with horror and dismay that during the debate on arsenic in Richard's milk there were only thirty Members "in their places", and how very

shocking, do not pay much attention. At that moment there may have been four hundred Members in the building, all busy. Some are in the Library preparing speeches for the big debate on Coal tomorrow, or the big debate on Beveridge the next day. Others are answering silly letters from your daddy. Others are at committee meetings upstairs, about the supply of paper, the grievances of soldiers, the future of films, the economics of Newfoundland; or welcoming General Smuts, the Mayor of Brussels—or the Mayor of Birmingham. Your Member has a perfect right to make a fuss about your milk; but life is so complicated now that no one can deal with it all; and there is no obligation on anyone to be interested in your milk—unless, of course, it is shown that all the children's milk is full of arsenic. The newspaper-man will

then see quite enough Members in the Chamber. But, meanwhile, all he has proved is that he can count up to thirty.

A. P. H.

Hot Stuff

"In a one-day cricket match the Delhi City Gymkhana beat the Hindu College today by 2 wickets and 64 runs at the College ground. The feature of the game was deadly bowling by Tajammul Hussain, who captured 6 wickets for 19 who was unbeaten with 59 runs. runs only and fine batting by Abid.

The Delhi City Gymkhana replied with 142 runs for 8 wickets.

At least 90 Japanese planes and 3 coastal cargo vessels were also destroyed."

Indian Paper.

"The Hallé Orchestra has returned to London after touring Holland and Belgium. They left for Manchester."—*The Times*.

Ah, well—you never know, these days.

At the Play

"THE YEARS BETWEEN" (WYNDHAM'S)

It is pleasant to see the name of DU MAURIER again upon the programmes of Wyndham's Theatre. Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER's play may surprise those who think of her work in terms of storm on Bodmin Moor, high doings around the Helford, and secret, black, and midnight fears in the Cornish mansion of Manderley. In Cornwall, whatever the period or place, Miss DU MAURIER is always a lively romancer. Give her the wind and the rain on Brown Willy, moanings about the Manacles, or any form of murky weather between the Lizard and Marsland Mouth, and she is richly content: so, too, are her readers.

Unlike most of the novels, *The Years Between* is neither Cornish in setting nor tumultuous in plot. The *Wentworths* live up-along, not so far from London. Their house is indeed the Old Manor, but for their creator the play is in a new mode, free from any romantic flourish. True, we wondered at first whether the *Wentworths'* Nanny might not unburden her conscience before the evening was out. That good actress Miss HENRIETTA WATSON seemed to be bodeful, a conceivable repository of secrets. Did she not introduce her raisin cake in the dark tones that Mrs. Siddons might have used in her daily round?

No matter: the moment was fleeting, the clue false. Miss DU MAURIER's path strays for never a yard into the road to Manderley. No dawns come up like thunder. Instead we have a grave, temperate drama on a serious problem, that of the returned soldier baffled in a strange world and unable, or unwilling, to bridge the years between.

The soldier is *Michael Wentworth*, renowned as politician and author. Assumed in the winter of 1942 to have died in a Mediterranean air-crash, he has actually embarked on a daring mission in the shadowed lands of Europe. At home his wife *Diana* mourns his death. Pressed to follow him as Member for the division, she

makes a surprisingly competent showing in her public life, and after three years—the programme is not helpful here—is on the verge of marriage to *Richard Llewellyn*, gentleman-farmer and agreeable neighbour. We watch with alarm, for it is apparent that *Colonel Wentworth* will return. When he does, after his period of desperate adventure, he is strained and sardonic, unready to fit into a new pattern and for ever mocking at *Diana's* success in politics.

Fondly he had remembered the

announcement—implies that all will be well, but she leaves the end of her tale ungilded. This is a play of integrity in which the dramatist, honest to the last, refuses to force any immediate solution. The evening is both curiously incomplete and curiously exciting. Serious playgoers will find much to hold them here—in the piece, in its performance, and in the expert production of Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL.

Michael, a restless, unsympathetic figure, a mocking-bird of a man embittered by his ordeal, is not for a moment glorified. Defiantly, and rightly, Miss DU MAURIER tells the truth: Mr. CLIVE BROOK abets her. This carping paladin who makes little effort to adapt himself, but who seeks to mould the new life nearer to his old desire, is not a character for gentle trifling. Mr. BROOK, back on the London stage after an absence of more than twenty years, gives a thoughtful and unselfish study, yielding no inch to the romantics. Miss NORA SWINBURNE treats *Diana* with a similarly steady understanding, and Mr. RONALD WARD caresses the renunciatory *Richard* who leaves so quietly for Wales; few more likeable farmers can have followed the useful plough. (Miss DU MAURIER omits the big triangular scene, the catarracts and hurricanes of tradition. Again she is consistent in her deliberate realistic plainness.) Mr. ALLAN JEAYES is his impressive self as a rock of Tory politics, firm-based

as the Clock Tower of Westminster and quite without pomp—how this *Sir Ernest* in, say, Pintero's hands might have volleyed and thundered!—and, of the others, Miss WATSON weaves her spells around *Nanny*, Master JOHN GILPIN (the *Robin*) is a hope for the years ahead, and Mr. ARTHUR CHESNEY's soldier-servant is as tactful as he is nobly-domed.

J. C. T.



PEACE PROCLAIMED—EXCUSE FOR JOLLITY

<i>Sir Ernest Foster</i>	MR. ALLAN JEAYES
<i>Diana Wentworth</i>	MISS NORA SWINBURNE
<i>Robin</i>	MASTER JOHN GILPIN
<i>Michael Wentworth</i>	MR. CLIVE BROOK

Manor as it was on a winter night, the curtains closed, *Robin* asleep in the nursery, *Diana* quiet over her tapestry below. What now does he find? *Diana* has become a woman of affairs, apt at public speaking, enveloped in causes and committees and concerned less with the home than the House. As for *Robin*, he is thirteen and to his father almost a stranger. It is the tragedy of the missing years. *Michael* returns, as he says in effect, like a ghost who must look over his wife's shoulder and shiver her new world in pieces. How they will resolve their problem is uncertain. Miss DU MAURIER—contriving, incidentally, to finish the war with a nicely-timed radio

We-Breathe-Again Corner

"NOTICE. Visits to Locomotive Depots. In view of the present international situation, visitation of locomotive depots to the outside public is suspended until further notice."—Notice on station platform.

A Child's Guide to Liberated Brussels

THE tramcar is very full. On the contrary, there is still room (under the driver's feet, on the roof, clinging to the rear buffer, suspended from the trolley, beneath the seats in the interior, running behind the rear coach).

This hotel is reserved for military officers only. The gentlemen in civilian clothes are (important officials from the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, the cast of Ringling's Circus, delegates for the Inter-Allied Philatelic Sub-Commission, former newspaper correspondents, financial experts from the Ministry of Economic Warfare, the Hallé Orchestra, pre-war residents in the hotel).

The large number of vehicles passing the hotel is causing some congestion in the carriage-way. The traffic is controlled by (the policeman 200 yards away, the light that has remained red for the last ten minutes, the nearest tram-driver, the rapid manoeuvres of that American jeep, the tank transporter that is stationary across the road, nothing at all).

The train for Paris will depart (in three minutes, in two hours, at midnight, to-morrow evening, early in 1946, via Marseilles).

The *camion* proceeds very slowly. The engine is activated by (charcoal, laughing gas, sawdust, gravity, seawater, black smoke, faith).

There are a great many soldiers in the streets. Are they all from the fighting fronts? Some are here (because their drivers mistook the road, on leave, en route for somewhere else, without their commanding officers knowing anything about it, to buy a new pair of socks, for a conference at H.Q., to replenish the mess cellars, on duty).

What rank does that soldier with one star hold? He is (an American general, a Dutch major, a Belgian lieutenant, a Polish lance-corporal, a French airman, an English second-lieutenant, an Ensa performer incorrecly dressed).

The hotel dining room is always crowded with elderly officers so soon as the doors are opened. The elderly officers are (Town Majors in search of new appointments, Railway Transport Officers waiting for their railways to start, Civil Affairs officers waiting for



"I wouldn't bother with them, only my butcher does so appreciate an occasional egg."

affairs in Germany to become more civil, members of the staff of Army Group, Army, Corps, Division, Base Sub-area, War Office, the Inspector-General of Returnable Non-Food Salvage).

The shops are full of very elegant shoes and lingerie. The articles now on sale were (under the counter for four years, given by the American Red Cross, stolen from the Germans, sold by the Germans, forfeited by the collaborators, there all the time).

The food in this restaurant is very familiar. It was obtained by the chef

from (the Black Market, the back of an Army truck, the local co-operative society, his niece who is friendly with a British Tommy, his cousin who is friendly with an American G.I., a German quartermaster). In any case, it is still Spam.

o o
Whoopie!

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For your Wedding, Funeral & other
merry making CEREMONIES

Remember
The United Yoruba Brass Band."
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"Big Ben sounds remarkably cheerful to-night, dear."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

George Santayana

Persons and Places (CONSTABLE, 10/-), GEORGE SANTAYANA's account of his early years, is written with a mournful detachment which is very rare in autobiographies, for however sad his story, the act of telling it usually puts a man in good spirits. Mr. Santayana's parents were Spanish. "It was so ill-advised a union," he writes, "that only passion would justify it; yet passion was not the cause." What was the cause is the only thing Mr. SANTAYANA fails to make clear in his account of his parents, which is perfectly done, being both candid and restrained, sincere and sympathetic. Some years after the marriage Mrs. Santayana, who had previously been married to an American, left Spain, and returned to Boston, her first husband's home. Mr. Santayana did not follow her, writing to her many years later, with the detachment he bequeathed to his son—"I have always believed that the place in which it would be natural for you to live was Boston, in consequence of your first marriage which determined the course of your life." The young Santayana remained with

his father till he was nine, and seems to have been much more at ease with him than with his severe and energetic mother, from whom he inherited the idealism with which the naturalism inherited from his father has been in constant conflict. "He was modest enough not to hate superiors, as my mother did; he admired them," Mr. SANTAYANA writes of his father, whose adaptability to circumstances he illustrates by recounting how the old man, believing that he was dying, cried out—"Extreme Unction and a chicken!" He wanted the chicken because his weak digestion had for some time precluded him from such an indulgence, and, as Mr. SANTAYANA puts it, "Extreme Unction would do perfectly to avoid all unpleasantness regarding his funeral and burial in holy ground." The author's life in Boston from nine till his early twenties occupies most of the book, and has much of interest in it. But the separation from his father and from the country of his ancestors appears to have had an injurious effect on his development. "There was," he says, "a terrible moral disinheritance involved, an emotional and intellectual chill, a pettiness and practicality of outlook and ambition, which I should not have encountered amid the complex passions and intrigues of a Spanish environment." It is no doubt to his revulsion against Boston that one may attribute his sympathy with rogues ("The picaresque world is the real world"), and his view that religion was invented for moral reasons.

H. K.

Muses in the Schoolroom

Apart from setting children to read and learn poetry—which some love and some loathe, according, one suspects, to the part it has played in their babyhood—there are a few other things a schoolmaster might do to help the diffusion of this almost lost art. He can show the power it once wielded; he can stress its possibilities as a gift to be acquired and bestowed; he can outline the necessary technique and even—if he understands it himself—the discipline the poet needs if the graces of inspiration are not to be thwarted or debased. There are teachers like Mr. Norman Callan who think children will never take to poetry unless they try to write it. And there is much to be said for this view. But Mr. C. DAY LEWIS's *Poetry For You* (BLACKWELL, 4/6) is written solely for boys and girls and solely to inspire appreciation—and possibly performance—of existing poetry. His historical introduction pays perhaps excessive deference to savage origins and not enough to "social services"; but he is far kinder to "poetry with a purpose" (including Shakespeare's) than most moderns. In any case, few genuine poets have been deterred by the purpose—a popular lampoon or a bespoken epithalamium—from delivering their personal message.

H. P. E.

The African Pendulum

A British officer on a desert airfield one day in June 1940 was listening, because he liked dance music, to an Italian broadcast. Suddenly the programme was interrupted for the announcement with suitable Fascist bombast and fury of a declaration of war. Within a matter of minutes British bombers had set out to attack an Italian base and there they found an enemy unprepared and unaware of their Government's action. The incident typified a certain mental incompleteness, a superficial aggressiveness that yet failed to realize open opportunity. The immensity of that opportunity when our Egyptian position could have been wholly isolated and overrun almost at leisure strikes one above all else—above even the heroism against odds to which we have become too easily accustomed—in *Middle East, 1940-1942* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6), a study

in air power undertaken at the request of the Air Ministry by the late Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA. A further recurrent impression refers to the unity of action, far exceeding anything to be described as co-operation, achieved by R.A.F. and ground forces, without which victory would have been impossible in to-and-fro campaigns that developed into a series of fights for airfields. It is one of our sacrifices that in his last work the author was drawn away from the topics that suited him best. The writing of a history of mighty adventure in the air was as little in his vein as were the rough-and-tumble trips over the coasts and deserts of North Africa that it entailed. His smoothly flowing narrative lacks the whip-crack of sudden war as it avoids the profundities of tragedy, but it summarises an immense achievement something more than competently.

C. C. P.

By the Flesh-Pots of Egypt

The Christian outlook, which seems to some Christians to play a diminishing part in the war, might possibly exert an influence over the peace, were it not—in England at any rate—for the character of its publicists. Dwellers in industrial towns and quite out of touch with the natural life of a world basically agricultural, they share the common belief in quantitative “standards of living” which have proved, wherever they have prevailed, the ruin of spirituality, the enhancement of personal and national greed and a direct incentive to war. The editor of *The Catholic Herald* has papal pronouncements, from *Rerum Novarum* to the latest Christmas broadcast, at the back of him: stressing the need for well-distributed property, especially land. Yet he dismisses the distributist ideal with a contemptuous footnote, in a study mainly devoted to the prophylactic effect of Christian realism on world affairs. For some unspecified reason he sees those who deprecate mass-production as cravers after personal luxury, not as men and women willing to pay a better price to a creative worker. Yet *No Dreamers Weak* (MILES, 9/6) has critical excellencies; its reading of European problems is charitable; and its author, Mr. MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYÈRE, generously welcomes the disagreement his scrappy but enterprising survey is sure to arouse.

H. P. E.

The Danube Basin

Mr. FRANCIS WEISS is a Hungarian Jew who left Germany after the assassination of Walther Rathenau in 1922 and the ensuing outburst of anti-Semitism. One of his sons is now in an English regiment, the other at a school in London, and it is, he says, out of a desire to evoke for them the environment of his own early years that he has written *Waltzing Volcano* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-). Though diffuse and disjointed, there is much of interest in this sketch of Austro-Hungarian history and manners, especially in the opening pages, which give a vivid picture of the author's ancestral district, the Burgenland, and its lavish ruler, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, “The Magnificent,” Haydn's patron and a relatively benevolent ruler of his Jewish subjects. From Esterhazy Mr. WEISS passes to Joseph II, an enlightened despot who believed in social reform and an efficient secret police, and, horrified by the French Revolution, revoked all his reforms on his deathbed, and made his peace with the Church. After Joseph II, the author's tendency to ramble becomes more marked, perhaps under the distracting effect of “the pale-faced offspring of the Corsican attorney,” as he calls Napoleon Bonaparte. Austria-Hungary during the nineteenth century can hardly have been as chaotic as Mr. WEISS's account of it; but he makes some amends by his eye for

picturesque details. Special trains (to give one example) were, he says, run to Southampton on October 23rd 1851, to bring the thousands of persons from all over Great Britain who desired to welcome Kossuth to our shores. Lord Palmerston asked the Hungarian revolutionary to his home, and three hundred town councils invited him to their respective towns.

H. K.

More About the Navy

In the introduction to his book, *The Naval Heritage* (COLLINS, 12/6), Mr. DAVID MATHEWS writes: “A distinctive way of life founded upon discipline soon came to mark the Royal Navy. This book attempts to trace each stage in its development, the habits, the element of authority, the type of ship, the cabin accommodation, the life of wardroom and gunroom, the constant contacts with the life ashore.” The publishers remark “This is the first picture of the sailor, whether officer or rating, in his relationship to the life ashore.” This last statement may be a little misleading to the reader who expects to find pictures of the home lives of sailors and nothing much about the sea. True, we are told about Lord St. Vincent's “pretty little four-oared boat” kept on a piece of water at the bottom of a field, we hear about the press-gangs and men on half-pay and are given a quotation from one of Nelson's letters, “I hope to save my pay, which, with a little addition, will buy us a very small cottage.” In fact, the whole book is enlivened with bright little sidelights that illumine landscape and seascape from Tudor times up to the present day. The book begins with a chapter on Sir Francis Drake that shows him as a merchantman making ready to sail for Plymouth with a cargo of gold and precious stones, including a crucifix with emeralds as big as pigeon's eggs. It goes on to describe the Navy of the Commonwealth, the Restoration Navy, the Hanoverian Navy, and concludes with chapters on sail and steam and the age of the ironclads. The book is most interesting, and though not exactly the easiest reading, is more than worthy of exploration and re-reading.

B. E. B.





S. Ireland

"I know for a fact she's deceiving him as to her age group."

And Lo! We Slid.

By Smith Minor

A PERSON once said to me, "Do you know why I read your artickles?"

"What, do you?" I said.

"Strange as it may seam, I do," they said.

"Well, why?" I said.

"It's not becorse of you," they said.

"It must be a bit becorse of me," I said, "becorse if it hadn't of been for me they wuoldn't of been written, but what else is it becorse of?"

"It's becorse of Green," they said.

"You mean that the artickles wuoldn't be anything without him?" I said.

"That's what I mean," they said.

"Well, I agree," I said. "He's not much to look at, he knows it, so I can

say it, but if it wasn't for him, I'd be perdu."

It's true.

Jest the same, this time I'm going to risque telling you about something wich Green didn't have anything to do with, becorse it was so extrordinary that I honestly think it's worth it. In fact, it's the kind of thing that if it wasn't by me I'd read myself. Mind you, I'm not saying it wuoldn't be better if I cuold lug old Green in, it wuold be,

"But as, alas, he was not there,

To say he was, wuold that be fair?" and the one thing you can banque on with me, if you can't banque on anything else, is the truth.

Scince writing the above I've thort

of a way I can give you two sentenses of Green by writing what he said when I told him he wasn't going to be in it, he then saying,

"Well, I shuoldn't think that wuold make anybody cry, I don't realy see why I'm in any of them."

"If you weren't in my artickles, Green," I said, meaning it, "they'd be like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark."

"Who's the Prince of Denmark?" he said.

"I've forgotten," I said, "but I know he's in it."

End of Green.

And beginning of what this is going to be about.

It was one of those slippy days,

I expect you remember it, when lo! the world is a white fairyland but you've got to look where you're going. I always look where I'm going, being a bit soft, that is, my body, and feeling falls more than some others, one other I know being a boy named Jenks, but called Trunks, because he's got a skin like a rine-ossurus and for a shilling an hour lets you be a porter with him. You can throw him about as you like, it never hurts him, and on one part he bounces, when you get your money back. Last term he made over six pounds.

But this article isn't about him any more than it is about Green, only you don't often get people like Jenks, alyas Trunks, so I thort it might be interesting to menshun him. No, it's about an old man who, well, hadn't looked where he was going, and who I came upon in a lonely lane at the top of a steep hill, or rather, jest over the top.

It was a narrow lane that ordinarily is wet, I knowing, but that now was all over ice. There was something else about the lane, or the bottom of it, that I won't tell you yet, because I want you to be surprised. I'd of turned back if it hadn't been for this old man, but having come upon him, well, one couldn't, you see he was sitting on the ground with his back to me holding on to the bottom of an umberella wile the top end was hooked round the branch of a tree above his head. I'm not very good at descriptions, but I hope you get it.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but are you in trouble?"

"No," he said, "I come up here and do this every day."

"How extraordinary," I said.

"Do you think I meant it?" he said.

"No, but you might of," I said.

"Well, I didn't," he said. "Yes, I'm in trouble, and if this branch breaks I shall be in more."

And then the branch did break, and he was.

It was the quickest thing you ever saw, in fact it was so quick that in a way you never really saw it at all. He wooshed down the lane at a dizzy lick before you knew he had started, and by the time you'd stopped staring at the place where he'd been you found he'd already got to where he was going. If that sounds a bit complicated, I'm sorry, but I can't help it.

Where he'd got to was half-way down the lane, and the only reason he'd stopped was because he'd manigded to hook his umberella again to another branch of another tree. Honestly, even though one didn't know him, it made one a bit anxshious.

Well, the first thing to do was to find out weather we could still talk to each other, so I called out,

"Can you hear me?"

"No," he called out back.

"If you can't hear me," I said, "how do you know that I asked if you could?"

"Shall we go into that another time?" he said.

"Perhaps there won't be another time," I said.

"I think it highly likely there won't be," he said, "so we'll go into it now. After all, it's quite pleasant sitting here. Weather I heard you or not, I answered No because I knew that would be the right answer whatever you'd said."

"It was risquey," I said, "because I might of asked if I could help you."

"Can you?" he said.

"I see what you mean," I said.

But then, after a bit of thort, I said, "Look here, when one is in your position, one's got to help one, hasn't one?"

"I don't know," he said, "I've never met anyone in my position before."

"That's true," I said. "This is properly what's called younique."

"Please remember I am only an old man, and don't use difercult words," he said. "Not that it matters. Not that anything matters any more. Have I turned into an iceberg yet? I wonder how I shall look in wings."

Of course that settled it. He was getting deleerious. Anyhow I decided that it was time to do something, so I called out,

"Hold on! I'm coming!"

"No, you stay where you are," he called out back.

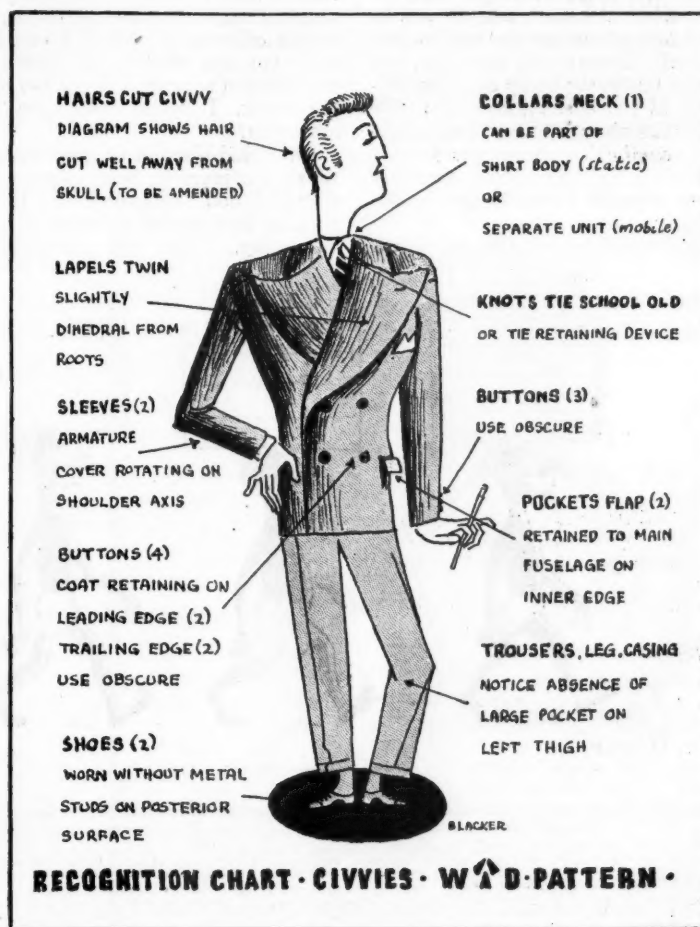
"But I can't help you unless I get to you," I said.

"How are you going to help me when you do get to me?" he said.

"I don't know," I said, "but perhaps we'll find out."

And then I sat down, and went.

Golly! I thort it was going to be cold, but I went so fast it was hot. I think it's something to do with what's



called frickshion, like when you strike matches, but don't ask me to explane. But I wuoldn't of minded, I mean you don't when you are going to somebody's help, if I hadn't hit him such a smack in the back when I reached him that he let go the umberella, and off he started again!

It was orful! You see, throuh not working it out beforehand, like one ouht to, all I'd done was to get hold of his umberella and be where he was, wile he went wooshing down to his doomb!

And now the time has come to tell the reader what was at the bottom of the lane, thouth one admits he or she may of guest. If he or she guest a river, then he or she guest right. I don't mean a large river like, say, the Yorkshire Ooze, but a small one that a boat takes you across ordinarily for a penny when it's wet, the river, but it now being frozen over, of corse, thouth not enoufh for skating, in fact there was a notice that said, "DAINGER."

Well, you can imagine what I felt like! No, I don't think you can, for who could? All one could do was to watch him getting smaller and smaller like, well, like anything that dose, and then go bumpetty-bump over a roufshish bit at the bottom, and then slide on to the river in what you might call a smoothe slow curve towards a big crack in the ice in the middle. Luckerly he jest stopped before he got to the crack.

What wuold he do? One wondered.

But he didn't do anything. He jest stayed where he'd stopped, as if he was asleep. And there was this crack, getting bigger and bigger with his waight, but how was I to get to him in time, let alone pull him away when I got there?

Now I think what I did will surprise you. It surprised me. This time I did work it out beforehand, so I knew what I meant to do, but the surprise was that I did it. Getting my legs into the posishion I had worked out, but wich I won't worry you with, becorse even if I could tell you I don't think you'd understand, well, anyway, getting my legs in that posishion, I unhooked the umberella from the tree, and as I began to slide I shoved it out behind me in another way I'd worked out to use it as a rudder. I thort that with the rudder and sweighing from side to side as you do on a sleigh, at least I think you do, I've never been on one, I thort I might get where I wanted to, *ib est*, the old man, insted of jest going where I had to, and I thort that if I hit him hard enoufh, *ib est* again, the old man, and it was bound to be a good smack, I might start him wizzing again to the other side. What I couldn't work out was what wuold hapen to me, but don't forget, if I got too near the crack, I wuold still have the umberella.

I'm afraid I've got to disapoint you about the journey, becorse once I'd started I don't remember it. It's a pity, as one knows it must of been interesting. But the extrordinary

thing is that I must of done all the things I'd worked out, and proberly a few more that I hadn't, becorse the next thing I remember is arriving at the other side of the ice with the old man in front of me and my legs round his midle. I don't know what hapened to the umberella.

Well, we stayed like that for a bit, becorse we cuoldn't quite beleive it, if you know what I mean, but when we found out it was true, this rather querious conversashun ocured.

"Young man," he said, "what is your name?"

"Smith Minor," I said.

"Really, is that so?" he said. "Well, Smith Minor, wuold you like two pounds?"

"Who wuoldn't?" I said. "But if you don't mind, sir, I'd rather not."

"Why not?" he said. "After saving my life?"

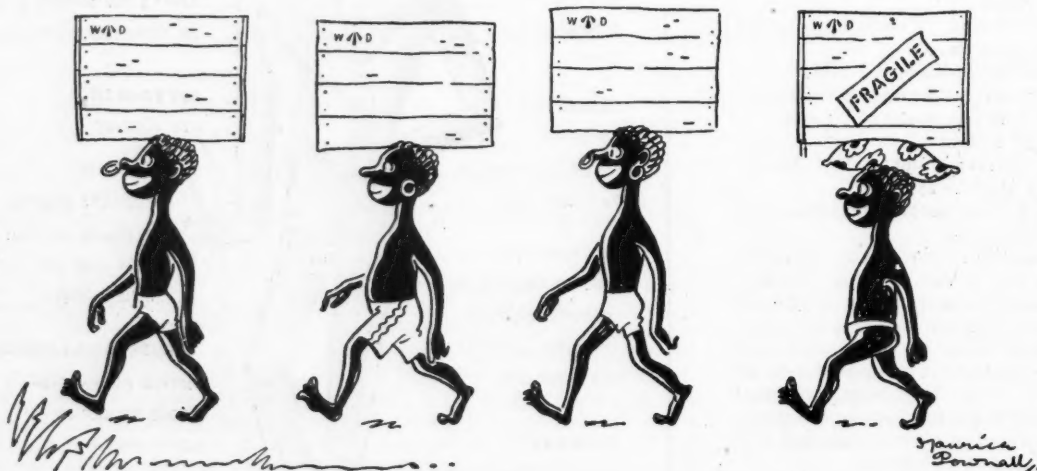
"Well, dose one save lives for money?" I said.

"That's true," he said. "Then how about coming home with me to tea? There will be honey, cake, lump sugar, and real butter."

"That's diferent, sir," I said. "Thank you very much."

Mind you, I don't think I did save his life, becorse but for me wuold he so nearly of lost it, but after the tea he gave me you had to admit it was worth saving, and he's promised to read my next artickle, saying there is one, whatever it's like.

You can't get away from it, that's desent.



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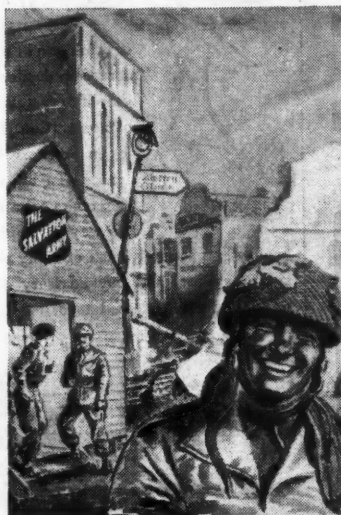


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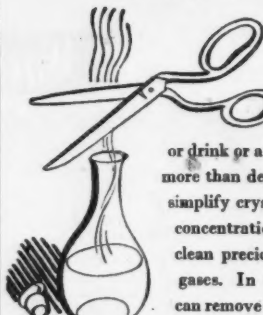
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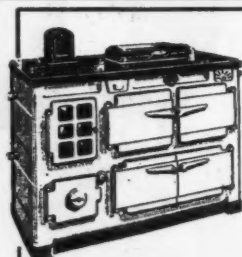
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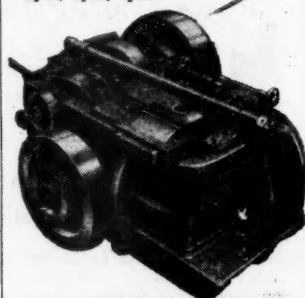


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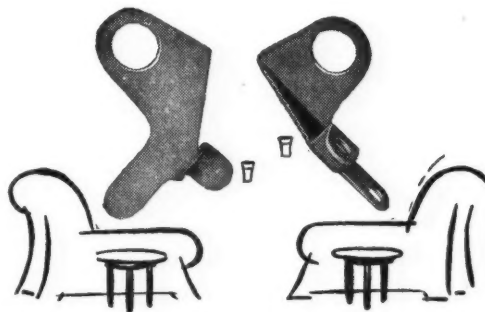
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